Andrew O'Dea Not to Leave Wisconsin as Crew Coach, but Crew May Suffer If Football Is Abolished-College Athletes in Athletic Clubs-Football "Ethics."

The report was circulated only a short time ago that Wisconsin had lost the rowing coach, Andrew M. O'Dea, who has been in charge of rowing at the Western university for many years back. The report said that O'Dea, discouraged by lack of support and a decided opposition to his methods, had decided that the best thing he could do under the circumstances was to withdraw. Furthermore the report, said to come from an intimate friend of the Western rowing coach, declared that O'Dea's lack of success with Wisconsin crews in recent years had caused a determination on the part of the university authorities to drop him anyway.

Apparently when rumor is confronted with fact there is nothing in the report, An inquiry on the subject led to a reply from O'Dea that could leave little doubt that he infended to stay and coach a crew at Wisconsin, as long as there was one to coach and he had a contract calling for him to coach it. The truth of the matter was that the report was nothing but the revival of an old story that O'Dea was to leave after the intercollegiate boat races last year, when Wisconsin crowned a season of disadvantages by a poor showing in the re-

This report grew in strength by the fact that no denial was made at once, but when at length word came from official sources at Wisconsin all talk was stilled for the time being. What was actually done was that O'Dea, who had a three year contract, asked that its term might be shortened, so that if the university was not satisfied with his work he could easily resign after another season. The satisfaction of the institution with his efforts was complete. for all at Wisconsin realize the true value of the efforts that O'Dea has made all along to put rowing at Wisconsin on a firm successful basis. The Wisconsin authorities also recall the fact that Wisconsin crews, have not always been unsuccessful by a great deal, and although never actually winners at the intercollegiate regatta, have always been the crew most feared and one that to beat was an achievement.

The real danger at Wisconsin lies in the fact that rowing may suffer if football is really abolished for two years, as was recently declared to be the policy of Wisconsin's faculty. Baseball, track and crew at Wisconsin, as at many another place, are dependent entirely upon the proceeds of football, which was never more suc-Wisconsin than in the season of 1905. The games with Chicago and Minnesota both helped to fill the exchequer, and the financial results of the season were very pleasing to the Badgers. But if football is wiped of the boards during a two years period of probation it means that after this season there will be no more crew, certainly, and possibly no other form of sport in the line of intercollegiate competitions at Wisconsin. There will, of course, be enough money to send a crew to Poughkeepile for the coming regatta, but thereafter there will be no chance, because the method of raising money outside of the college has been done to death, so to speak.

A prominent college athlete and one time intercollegiate champion was recently discussing the question as to college athletes in athletic clubs, one side of which was set forth in these columns some time ago. It was contended at that time by a member of an athletic club that college athletes who joined were merely "grafters" and that they did not train and simply were in the game to get what they could out of it on the strength of the reputations that they did not uphold in their summer campaign-

"It is only fair to say," said this man, "that this is true on the face of it in many cases. On the other hand there always are two sides to a story and this is no exception. You must take into consideration the manner in which certain athletic clubs recruit their college men for the teams. I was invited to join one of the two higgest clubs in New York under rather peculiar circumstances. I was competing at Philadelphia and a member of this club who was a sort of officer of the track team of the club was acting as an oficial in the event in which I was a competitor. I was lucky enough to win the event, and hardly had the competition finished when this man, who up to that time I knew by name only, rushed over to speak to me. He took me by the arm and told me that he would like to introduce me to another man, captain of the track team of the club. This man was in his time a well known college athlete, but I had never seen him before.

"As soon as I had been introduced to him, with my name qualified by the fact that I had just won such-and-such an event. the captain asked me how I would like to go to St. Louis. There was nothing said. mind you, of the athletic club, no question as to whether I would like to become a member of the so-and-so club, but merely as to whether or not I would like a trip to St. Louis, to the world's fair at that time in progress. Of course, I knew that there were athletic games which were to be held at St. Louis and I was perfectly willing to go out there at the expense of an athletic club and have to do nothing for it all but compete in my event. I was in training at the time as hard as ever I trained, so that it would be little labor to keep in shape for the short time intervening before the St. Louis fair games.

"Anyhow, if I wanted to, I was told I could go to the training quarters of the club outside of the city and could do my training there. From first to last there training there. From first to last there was not the slightest allusion to the point of honor involved in competing for a well known athletic club, and apparently all that was thought of was how most alluringly to display the bait of graft before the mouth of an athlete who had of a sudden become valuable because he had won a championfor his college with a first rate per-

formance.
"Now if the clubs make such a point of inducements to college athletes is it sur-prising that these latter fail a little, and are not good players. cometimes much, in appreciating what is expected of them in the line of spirited competition? What is more, they see that they, who have been only recently enlisted with the idea of exploiting the enlisted with the idea of exploiting the club as an athletic club, are preferred in the selection of athletic team members for long trips rather than many standhys who have been campaigning for the club in local handican competitions right along for years. Therefore they get so that they have the idea that it is merely a question of roputation and all that they have to do is only a very little in order to keep their places on teams that may be formed from time to time to make long trips to delightful time to time to make long trips to delightful

places.
"Again, the college athletes are not in the position of the athletic club men who compete all year in the same district. The college man when the summer is over goes back to college, and all the running or other work he is likely to do will be small and select. He will be training with every adventage all through theorems, why vantage all through the spring, when the dual meet season is on, while the athletic club man is just between seasons and is caught at a time when indoor meets are unseasonable and it is still too cold, and

rainy for outdoor work. But the college athlete is at work all through April and May, and when the real summer sets in college is over for him. Just at that time he begins to want a rest from training, while the athletic club man is only just beginning. It is no wonder then that he takes up the offer of graft in the spirit in which it is made and proceeds to rest on the athletic club, while getting as much out of it in the line of enjoyment and profit as any of the regular old guard of the club who have come up to their positions through who have come up to their positions through hard and consistent work spread over a

lard and consistent work spread over a long number of seasons."

The literature on the subject of professionalism in college athletics has received another contribution—this time from a graduate of Cornell, who frankly admits that he cannot see the harm in permitting a man who has been able to earn his way into college by playing baseball for money to play on the college team should he be into college by playing baseball for money to play on the college team should he be good enough to make it. Also, he declares that if a man, once he is in college, needs money and can earn it throughout the summer by playing baseball he does not see either why a college should defeat its own ends by calling that man a professional who used, to profit, one of the things that he learned in college, so that he was able to stay in college. There is, of course, something very entangling in the specious arguments given by all the men specious arguments given by all the men who attempt to justify professionalism in college sport, especially through the medium of summer baseball.

Now, as a matter of fact, almost every man who is attempting to justify profes-sionalism uses the argument (like the one presented in the letter) of supposing the case of some poor boy coming to college on the money that he has made as a ball player. or else it is a poor boy who makes a reputa-tion on the college ball team, and who there-by is enabled to get a summer job, from the proceeds of which he pays his tuition each year thereafter. Coming down to cases, however, it is a matter of record that young men of the type mentioned aspiring to an education are very rare among the professionals that the colleges

made baseball not only a pleasure but a profit throughout the summer months, of their collegiate course. These men did not need the money in the same way that the suppositifious hero of the Cornell tale did. With most of the men who have been de-clared professionals it is the masquerading under the guise of amateur that is objected under the guise of amateur that is objected to. Let it be granted, as the Cornell graduate says, that some man of the New York National League team who has been out and out a pro but who wants an education enters a college and pays all the charges himself. Of course under present conditions that man caunot play for the college team, no matter if he is the best in the world at his position. But he is infinitely more eligible in the minds of all thinking rersons than the star schoolbox or grass persons than the star schoolboy or grass eater who has been pitching or playing in a lot of bush leagues and getting a reputation and who not only gets to college and has his way paid in by the athletic authorities but gra'ts every expense on the strength of his atteletic ability. That is the detesta-

of his at the ability. That is the detestable type of ringer, and because it is so hard to separate the sheep from the lambs all professionalism is rightly barred.

A great deal of this question of professionalism is going to be wiped out by one of the latest tendencies in the management of intercollegiate sport. Apparently the general idea in sport is to reduce as far as possible the number of intercollegiate contests and to substitute therefor in as great degree as possible intra-iniversity comdegree as possible intra-university com-retitions. Doubtless as the competition between colleges becomes smaller and smaller and finally only a few games a year appear on the schedules there will be conablear on the schedules there will be considerably less temptation and less likilihood of the ringing that has been done in so many institutions. The far famed "desire to win" that has blaved such a strong part in the college athletic drama will then be able to give up the role it has created and string to an old are of honest rest, because refire to an old age of honest rest, because the lessening of the number of intercollegiate contests will diminish the bitterness of feeling that exists between some institutions d reduce in equal proportion the likelihood unfair measures being taken to over-

reach an opponent.

After the effort to secure revised and more rational rules in football in the West the next most important movement among the enthusiasts of the gridiron is the one by the enthusias's of the gridion is the one by which it is hoped to do away with the class of sudents that enters college just to play the game. That "college for football's sake" is gerting to be very much of a reality is the Western complaint, and the abuses that have developed under the system have become large indeed. With the development of the game along other lines it has been found necessary to recruit men in order to get them big enough and strong enough to play the game. One alternative is for the coaches and managers to hire players out and out, regular professionalism, while the other is to get well known nen to come to college just to play on the gridiron. Semetimes the coaches, and managers have to find work for their proselytes," which is merely an effort to evade the spirit and letter of the rules regarding professionalism. After due consideration of the large

After due consideration of the large amount of criticism that is now being bestowed on football it is fairly apparent that most of it is being devoted to abuses that do not occur in the Northwest. As a rule the playing in this part of the country is not rough and the men who participate are not "muckers," though occasionally are not 'muckers,' though occasionally one may be found. With one exception there is an honest effort made by nearly all concerned to make and keep football on a high level in Oregon and Washington. According to a prominent Westerner, that one exception is the very matter of getting men into college just to play the game. Three Oregon collegiate institu-tions have opened after the Christmas holi-days, only to find that about a dozen "gridiron stalwarts" have forsaken the classic lines of Horace and the bewildering in-tricacies of differential calculus and have, ording to reports from their respective institutions, "accepted positions of in the business world." What sort

sitions and in what particular business world we are left to surmise. "It is getting to be a common thing to read every day or two that So-and-so, the well known guard or tackle, has been comwell known guard of tackle, has been compelled to quit college, but generally these 'So-and-so's' bob up again when college orens the next fall, ready to don the moleskins," says this authority. "No better example of this spirit can be used to illustrate the situation than that of Ralph Rose, who is alleged to have registered in half a dozen bleges at one time or another, and, like bee, eventually flitting on to some other flower about the time the 'exams' loomed up big ahead. It is said that Rose hung around the University of Michigan for nearly two years, and in that time never took an examination, and if such is the case his

academic standing must indeed have been nice." According to all reports, the Middle West seems to hold the palm when it comes to professionalism, the real thing. Witness the remarks of Col. Frank M. Joyce, a Minneapolis insurance man and an ardent supporter of the University of Minnesota, when asked if he had ever hired football players for the university: "I don't believe any one does that any more "raid of the lieve any one does the lieve any of the lieve any of the lieve any one does the lieve any of th eve any one does that any more," said the "Men hired that way rs. We hired a laundry wagon driver once, a big, husky fellow, to go out and reay, but he was no good." Michigan, too, has come in for a share of rebuke, and it is often charged that Willie Heston went to Ann Arbor simply to play the game, but the facts remain that he stayed there four years, which is contrary to the general custom of the class of men that

general custom of the class of men that go to college for football alone, and that he did the full work. Heston's case might be summal up in the famous remark of ex-Senator James Murfin of Detroit, who said: "Willie is not a cultured boy; when he starts to eat he arranges his napkin as though he were going to shave, but, my! you ought to see him hit the line." From the above it can be inferred what the result will be unless the present tendency in the Northwest is stopped. Too many men are stopping work after the end of the football season. The University of Oregon reports one man out of college, and last week it was announced from Salem that Patton and Henckle failed to return to Willamette after the vacation. The stand taken by President Coleman is to be commended when he says that students who leave college without satisfactory reason will not be allowed to enter again.

BIZARRE SHOTS IN BILLIARDS. COUNTS MADE BY AMATEURS IN THREE CUSHION TOURNAMENT.

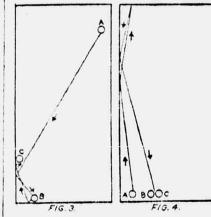
Intricate and Spectacular Efforts, Showing the Effects of Twist and Eccentric Angles-Diagrams of the Shots and the Authors Thereof - Kisses and Banks

As a steady thing three cushion carom billiards does not wear as well as the balk line game, though the devotees of the former are no less assidious in playing it than the balk line players are to their game. Three cushion caroms is by no means an altogether haphazard game in which the player slams away and takes his chances of counting. It partakes more of a freak nature than balk line or ordinary cushion caroms or straight rail; but it has its system when played by experts. It does not contain the variety that balk line does, being without ball to ball counting and position play and with little recourse to draw or massé shots, but is productive of more bizzarre effects. Sixteen amateurs took part in the recent

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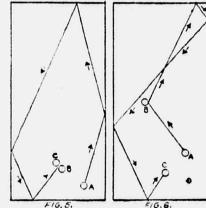
three-cushion tournament at Slosson's and those who saw the games had a treat. The contestants were all business men, who play for sport's sake solely, but they are as proficient a group of three cushion players as could be gotten together. Probably the best three cushion player in the country is Lloyd Jevne, the professional. The best player in the Slosson tournament is not far from 25 per cent, behind Jevne in playing skill. Jevne could probably give him 15 points in 50 to make it an even game. This shows that the amateur is pretty good.

Diagrams of a number of best shots made in the Slosson tournament are shown here. They were shots that were calculated on. figured out ahead with all their eccentric angles-due to application and knowledge of English-and accuracy in landing on the first object ball at long distances. natural shots in three cushion billiards are often as easy for the expert as a six inch



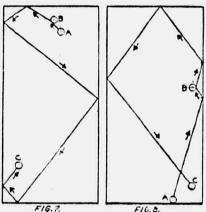
draw for the balk line expert. But frequently unnatural angles have to be described by the cue ball, and that's where twist comes in. Good three cushion players must not only be able to execute well. but must know the various intricate shots. They must play compound cushions and must have good eyesight and the physical ability to use a great deal of force. There are a number of around the table shots in three cushions, and it requires a subtle knowledge of force and the effects of contact of ball and cushion and some luck to avoid kisses, which same are a constant menace in around the table multiple cushion play.

In the diagrams A represents the cue ball, B the first object ball and C the second object ball. The arrows show the course of the cue ball. Figure 1 shows a shot of



urious design made by Hamilton in the Slosson tourney. It has all the appearances of a scratch, but the player called the shot. Left or reverse twist was applied to the cue ball, which was struck about a quarter above the centre. The flight from one end rail to the other and then back to C was the unusual feature of the shot. Ordinarily the shooter would play off C first, go to the right hand rail, then to the end rail and over to the other side rail. Or a more logical shot than the one made would have been to have gone from the end rail over to the opposite side rail and thence around the table.

Figure 2 is a shot made by Rinehart with right twist. The cue ball slid off B to the end rail thence to the side rail and then back to the end rail that it had just left twist accounted for the freak Figure 3 shows a cracking good shot made by Harris. It is a long bank, played with right twist. The one ball hits the side rail first, darts up to the first object ball, takes



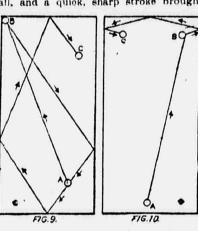
nip off to the cushion, scoots back to the side rail and pushes gently against the second object ball-a shot of bold con-

Figure 4 represents another bank shot, one in which the cue ball strikes three cushions before encountering either object

ball. A landed on B and C simultaneously, so perfect was the execution. The architect of this spectacular count was Straus, left twist being part of the medium for the consummation of the effort. Pallasco made the shot represented by Figure 5, a count of magnificent distances and a four cushion bank, made with very little twist to the left of the centre of the ball.

Figures 6 and 7 are both shots of grotesque construction. Both, too, are very difficult shots. Figure 6 was a whimsical count in Sauer's répertoire. Right hand twist was used and much force. In Figure 7 the cue ball sliced of B very thinly. Reverse twist was applied to the top of the ball, and a quick, sharp stroke brought

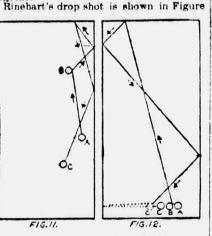
ball, and a quick, sharp stroke brought



into operation. Why the shooter did not into operation. Why the shooter did not play the natural shot, that is go off the right hand side of B with right twist and over to the other corner of the table, instead of sending the cue ball on such a complicated detour, is best known to Gramm, the author of the shot.

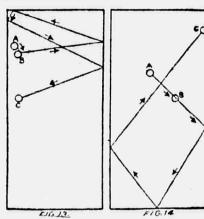
Babcock made the bank shot shown in Figure 8. It is not such a rare contribution.

Figure 8. It is not such a rare contribu-tion, but in this instance was exceedingly meritorious because the cue ball was under the cushion. The player had to shoot over the rail, putting left twist to the top of the ball and using lots of force to bring the cue ball and using lots of force to bring the cue ball around after banking into B. Figure 9 also was made by Babcock and was a sen-sational effort. The cue ball went to the far diagonal corner, kissed back off of B, which was crotched in the corner, and took four cushions before it crashed into the second object ball. It wasn't a scratch, because the shot was called. Tremendous force applied below the centre of the cue ball and a dash of right twist were mixed ball and a dash of right twist were mixed together.
Rinehart's drop shot is shown in Figure



 It was less showy than difficult, a slow draw, with only a little English on the right hand side, and a shot requiring counteracting forces, so to speak. Figure 11 illustrates an oddly designed bank shot made by Hammond. Right twist to the top of by Hammond. Right twist to the top of the ball, applied with full force, was used. French made the shot shown in Figure 12, one of the sort that makes onlookers shout in appreciation. The cue ball flew around the table after striking B, and B in the meantime kissed C over to the side rail. The dotted lines depict the course taken by C, and the cue ball collided with C at the point shown by the dotted circle. Left twist was used about a quarter above the centre.

Pallasco perpetrated the shot which is shown in Figure 13. It was a delicate effort and called for the finest sort of calculation. A and B were all but frozen. To get on the left twist that would put the cue ball in the proper path after striking a cushion and yet administer sufficient force to traverse



the rest of the journey was a big tax on the player's skill. A completed the journey, but would not have rolled an inch further. The follow shot shown by Figure 14 was made by Harris. There was a bit of right twist to get in its work after striking the first cushion and a free use of force.

# Hedgehogs Not Afraid of Snakes

From the Chicago Chronicle. An interesting fact about hedgehogs that perhaps not many persons know is that the most poisonous serpents have no effect on them whatever. Mr. Lenz. naturalist, once watched a fight between a hedgehog and a viper and gives a most interesting description of it. He says that when the hedgehog came near the snake she began to smell it, for the sight of these animals is so poor that they depend almost entirely on the sense of smell, and then she seized its head with her teeth.

In a moment the snake had freed itself, and, darting at the hedgehog, bit it several times, but the little animal did not seem mind the bites at all, and when the snake was tired out with its efforts she again seized is head, which she ground beneath her teeth, poisonous fangs and all. Then she devoured

Mr. Lenz also tells of a pet hedgehog that he kept in his house in a large box. Several times he put some adders into the box, which the hedgelog did not seem to fear at all, but attacked them flercely, and, as in the case of the other, was never in the least affected by their poisonous bites

# A Long Faced Cat.

From the Pall Mull Gazette About five weeks ago there came to the coological gardens a cat which was unlike any other cat previously exhibited by the society. This animal, which occupies a cage in the small mammals house, has nov been named Felis Badia, and its home is be-

lieved to be in Borneo.

The color of its short, smooth fur is hardly to be described as bay-it is gray rather than brown, and the inclination to chestnut is very slight indeed. The bay cat, as we must call it, is a pretty creature—shortlegged and long bodied, with a thick, tapering tail of no great length. For a cat the shape of its bead is remarkable, and it has rather small cars.

Instead of the short, round face of the typical cat, the face of this animal is comparatively long. But in its movements this curious pussy is true to the instincts of its race. In the stealthy tread, in the manner of opening the mouth, stretching the limbs and protruding the claws, to say nothing of the method of carrying the tail, there is no mistaking the cat. This interesting inmate of the Zoo is fairly tame and apparently in the beat of health. call it, is a pretty creature—shortlegged and

# White Squirrel Caught.

From the Kansas City Journal. A freak of nature, in the shape of a white quirrel with pink eyes, has been cartured alive by farmer boys near McComb, in Pottawatomic county.
Two years ago Peter Gideon, living near Choctaw City, captured a white squirrel which had one brown and one pink eye.

THE CAKE THAT MRS. RUMSEY GAVE.

A Church Supper, a Falling Out Between Neighbors and a Bit of Revenge.

Some one was ringing the Rumseys front door bell. It was something of an event and the Rumsey children, housed because of the whooping cough, dashed to the door in quest of adventure. Willie, first at the goal, unceremoniously swept aside the silkoline curtain screening the glass, thereby disclosing a stout, blond lady surprised in the act of "fluffing up"

her crimps. "Pooh! It's no one," he cried, letting the curtain fall in disgust, and the mob raced back to the dining room, where they were reproducing the last trip of the Deadwood

Their mother, however, calling out from the kitchen, elicited the more accurate information that the ringer was "just Miss Hunt." This statement was enough to throw Mrs. Rumsey into a panic.

Brushing aside the intervening children she darted into the parlor, whisked up the shades, flirted her apron over the melodeon, snatched a rag doll from the sofa. and, retreating to the bedroom, shedding her garments as she ran, called to Florella to let the visitor in, "'nd say that mamma 'd be there in a minute, 'nd give her the album to look at, 'nd be sure not to let her sit on the mended chair."

Florella, a middle aged person of 12, piloted the stout lady through the narrow hall and landed her safely in the substantial red plush rocker. There the caller sat and rocked, feigning a polite unconsciousness of the opening of drawers, rummaging of boxes, pouring of water and swishing of skirts in the adjoining room.

From time to time the shriek of an expiring passenger in the Deadwood stage smote her ear, followed by a smothered expostulation from the bedroom. Mrs. Bolton's minute was long. Miss Hunt did not have recourse to the album-she knew it of old-but she just rocked and rocked and looked idly out of the window.

By and by Tommy, one of the earlies victims of the redskins, wearying of his monotonous rôle, and also impelled by a desire to cough, resurrected himself cautiously and crept into the hall to peek at Miss Hunt. She smiled at him, and straightaway he fell captive to her charms.

He advanced into the room. He planted himself in front of her, his hands behind his back, his legs far apart. His eyes roamed gravely but admiringly over her expanse of face, her profusion of chins, her generous girth.

"Well?" interrogated Miss Hunt. Her voice had to force its way up through so many folds of flesh that it acquired a somewhat subterranean and cavernous quality. "Well?" she repeated.

"I guess you eat your oatmeal," he commented, shrewdly. There was much more he wished to say, but just then his mother swooped down on him from behind and swept him from the

"Now, Mrs. Rumsey, I'm afraid you've hurried," she began. "No. no!" panted Mrs. Rumsey, still fumbling with her belt, "but I'm afraid

room. The visitor rose genteelly.

I've kept you waiting."
"No, no!" protested Miss Hunt, heroic in her turn, "nothing of the sort. The fact she continued, sinking back into the rocker and rather nervously extracting a paper from her black silk bag, while the hostess perched guardedly on the mended chair so that she might command at least a portion of the dining-room, "I'm 'round siliciting for a supper to-morrow night. I declare! I feel real mean, too, 'bout co ning here, but the ladies gave me this street, and I was afraid you'd feel slighted street, and I was afraid you'd feel signification of I left you out. We talked it all over in "Well, it's in a good cause." Mrs Judge Toornton said, if she was me. she'd come; and then, of course, Mrs. Dr. Grigsby said, well, she wouldn't (you know they're kind of edgewise); and then Mrs.

Bolton over here, she said ----"My land! Mrs. Rumsey, is that your Willie whooping like that?" Mrs. Rumsey listened intently a mo-

"No, that's Henry's whoop. Florella, she called, "you hold his head. Go right on. Miss Hunt."

Miss Hunt looked embarrassed. "Why, I don't know as I had much more Of course, we all know it's pretty to say. dry sledding for you with such a lot of children and no husband-not that Mr

Rumsey did much, but I suppose it was sort of a comfort to have a man round. "And we knew you didn't keep a girl, and the children were all down with the whooping cough, and things were, as you may say, at sixes and sivens. as I say, we talked it all over, but we didn't seem to decide anything, as near as I could make out, and so," she concluded rapidly

I'd use my own best judgment and come." In the course of this explanation Mrs Rumsey had forgotten all about favoring the weak leg of her chair, and now she sat squarely facing the visitor. "What was it Mrs. Bolton said?" she

rolling and unrolling her paper, "I thought

demanded.

5: "Oh, Mrs. Bolton?" Miss Hunt was visibly relieved that she was called upon merely the words of another. "Why, to quote the words of another. "Why, you know how airy she is. Well, she said though she lived next door she wasn't at all intimate with you, but she felt sure twas as much as you could do to find food for your own family."

"Oh, she said that, did she?" Mrs. Rumsy can be seen that of her daughters flying next

sey caught one of her daughters flying past the parlor door and tied her hair ribbon with a jerk. "I guess I knew Maria Bolton years ago when she lived at Dorset Mills, long before Ezra Bolton'd made his money, and I guess in those days she was glad grough to be intimate."

and I guess in those days such as a such enough to be intimate."
"Well, there now! I don't know as I had any call to tell you about it, but I thought you'd feel better if I told you just how it was and what the ladies all said. They think it's wonderful how you manage to get along. Dear me!" Miss Hunt's tone expressed deep commissionation. "I've lost expressed deep commissionation." count of the children. Is it six or seven you've got?"

"Seven," responded Mrs. Rumsey grimly.
"Percival, Florella, Ma Belle, Amorette,"
she paused, "William, Thomas, Henry."
Mrs. Rumsey always divided them that way. The first group were named when, still young and enthusiastic, she dreamed of worldwide fame for her children; the second after she resolved to be satisfied if

second after she resolved to be satisfied if they grew up respectable.

"Well, I'm sure they're very nice children and real pretty behaved, too, but they must be a sight of care and—Do tell! Isn't that the carving knife that one's got in his hand? It always did make me nervous to see a child with a carving knife."

Mrs. Rumsey deprived Rolling Thunder of his scalping knife.

"Now. I see just what a mux you're in

of his scalping knife.

"Now, I see just what a mux you're in, and I won't stay another minute." Miss Hunt rose to button up her coat. "If you thought you could give something and you're going to sponge to-night you might make up a tin of biscuit. We were saying yesterday afternoon it's really surprising what good biscuit you make out of all water."

water."
"I don't believe I better promise anything," replied Mrs. Rumsey, shooing off Tommy, who had returned for a farewell look at his enchantress. "I'm pretty well years old.

driven just now, that's a fact. I don't know that we're objects of pity, though"—her voice became bitter—"if we aren't so rich as the Boltons.

"Percival's errand boy for Peck & Quinby,

"Percival's errand boy for Peck & Quinby, and Florella's a splendid little dishwasher, and the next two are old enough to help with the others, and as to the whooping cough—why, there's only five got it and I'm glad they're having it, so's to get it done up. I guess if I can stand it the ladies can."

miss Hunt was genuinely amazed.

"You don't mean to say you're hurt?
Why, they didn't one of them mean a mite of harm—that is unless Mrs. Bolton did. Well, I wouldn't care for her.

"She thinks she can ride over every one."
Miss Hunt tossed her head and spoke spitefully, for she herself had served as a roadbed for Mrs. Bolton's chariot wheels. "Since they built that new house she rings right in with Mrs. Judge Thornton and that State street set.

with Mrs. Judge Thornton and that State street set.

"She's certainly got a lovely house, though." She glanced enviously at the ostentatious house visible through the parlor window. "We got to talking of her at the meeting—she had to go home early—had work to do, she said.

"Mrs. Sparks said she probably thought some dust had settled while she was out. but I guess it wasn't that. Anyway, she went home early, and the conversation sort of turned on her."

Mica Hunt instinctively lowered her voice,

went home early, and the conversation sort of turned on her."

Miss Hunt instinctively lowered her voice, as though Mrs. Bolton could hear through her neighbor's walls.

"They say she's got that house chuck full of stuff—burntwood and hand painted china and drawn work, and so many sofa cushions you can't sit on her sofas. And they say she's so particular that she turns all her mattresses every day, even in the spare rooms, and she puts two clean sheets on her bed every week." Miss Hunt warmed to her subject. "And her hardwood floors shine like a bottle.

"They tell me she's got rugs down, and she makes Mr. Bolton jump from rug to rug. Mrs. Sparks saw him and she said he went through the house just like a kangaroo."

Mrs. Bolton is a very good housekeeper," Mrs. Rumsey forced herself to say.
"Well, I must say I think she's too
hifalutin' for any use." Miss Hunt was in
full tide now. "I think it's too much to full tide now. "I think it's too much to hemstitch your dish towels and put a mono-

I hear she's got a set for every day in the "hear she's got a set for every day in the week, embroidered in different colors. Mrs. Sparks says....." Her voice trailed off and her gaze became fixed. "My goodness! What are those things?" Mrs. Rumsey followed the direction of her eves. Two constantly lengthening black

Mrs. Rumsey followed the direction of her eves. Two constantly lengthening black objects appeared miraculously suspended outside the dining room window.

"Those," said Mrs. Rumsey, with the air of a connoisseur, "are Willy's legs. You wait here a minute and I'll tend to him."

She ran up stairs and the black objects, reversing the process, became shorter and shorter, until they disappeared.

"They were playing sirship," she explained wearily, when she returned, "but I made them haul him in. What's your hurry, Miss Hunt?"

"Oh, I've got one or two other places to go and I'd ought to be getting on." Miss Hunt moved one station nearer the front door, then stopped to peer again out of the window. "I heard she'd put a white muslin curtain on that window over the coal bin, but I wanted to see it with my own eyes."

She opened the door, then shut it again.

"Well said; I forgot to tell you what I'm s'liciting for. We're going to give the proceeds to those Tracys. They're awful destiture.

"Mr. Tracy's in iail again for beating."

ceeds to those Tracys. They're awful destitute.

"Mr. Tracy's in jail again for beating Mrs. Tracy, and she and the children are just living from hand to mouth. They're a shiftless, no-account family and they don't really belong to the church, but the two oldest children are members of the 'Buds of Promise,' and so we thought we'd tide 'em over till spring. They'd have to come on the town if we didn't."

"Oh, it's for the Tracys, is it?" Mrs. Rumsey had been impatiently waiting for a lull in Miss Hunt's volubility. "Well, as long as it's for the Tracys perhaps I can manage to make something. Mrs. Bolton's going to serve on the committee, is she?" manage to make something. Mrs. Bolton's going to serve on the committee, is she?"
"Yes, she and the other ladies will be at the church from four on to receive the things."

things."
"Well. I'll send something, if I have to

"Well. I'll send something, if I have to sit up all night to make it."

Miss Hunt gurgled protestingly while she drew forth her pa'er and pencil.

"Yes, I will. You put me down for a cake—a Minnehaha cake," Mrs. Rumsey grew more and more reckless, "four layers—frosted all over."

"You can't do that with less'n four eggs," warned Miss Hunt.

"I know. I don't care if it takes five eggs."

Yes," assented Mrs. Rumsey, "it's in real good cause."

The 6 o'clock whistle stirred Miss Hunt to action. She closed her bag and lifted

her skirts preparatory to departure.
"Dear me! It must be your supper time. "Dear me! It must be your supper time."
"Oh, we don't have any supper time." We don't eat the same time two days run-

ning."
"Why, the idea! Well, come over when

"Why, the idea! Well, come over when you can."

"Well, don't you wait for me."

"No, I won't. I gave that up long ago. Well, good-bye. I've got to hurry."

Mrs. Rumsey watched her as she toddled down the slippery walk with much lateral movement of her voluminous black skirts. Then she seized a broom in the storm house and began to sweep the snow off the porch floor. When she came to the side next the Bolton's she paused and surveyed that symbol of prosperity. The new paint glistened, the plate glass windows shone from between crisp white curdows shone from between crisp white curtains, the tower-consummation of Mrs. Bolton's dearest wish-rose arrogantly. Some time in the watches of the night

the cake was made. Mrs. Rumsey had been strangely lavish of butter and eggs. but the result justified her. It was a noble structure as it stood on the

It was a noble structure as it stood on the kitchen table, rising layer upon layer and exuding raisins and frosting from every joint. The Rumsey children regarded it with awe. They felt it would grace the table of a king.

At exactly 4 o'clock Mrs. Rumsey tore it from their admiring gaze and shrouded it, plate and all, in one of her best napkins.

"Now, Percival," said she, "you give this to Mrs. Judge Thornton, and to no one else. Then you listen and tell me just what she says. Be sure you don't joggle this pan." this pan.

Percival, oppressed by responsibility, avoided all companions, and with careful avoided all companions, and with careful step bore his charge to the door of the Sunday school room. Inside he found the ladies of the committee ranged behind a long table.

Mrs. Rumsey's was the first donation, so it commanded the attention of all. Mrs.

Mrs. Rumsey's was the first donation, so it commanded the attention of all. Mrs. Bolton condescendingly offered to relieve Percival of his burden, but he pushed on to where loomed the majestic form of Mrs.

Thornton.

"I suppose you'll take your pan and napkin back?" said the Judge's wife as she uncovered the cake and lifted it out upon the table. "Why, what's that?" demanded Mrs. Bolton, whose prying eyes had discovered a bit of folded paper tucked under the edge of the cake.

of the cake.

Percival shook his head. "I'm sure I don't know," he said.

The rest of the committee gathered curiously round while Mrs. Thornton pulled out the paper and opened it.

"It's a note," said she.

As she read it her expression became "What's it say?" persisted Mrs. Bolton. "There's no address. It's meant for all."
"Yes." rejoined Mrs. Thornton sternly.
"it is meant for us all. It says 'I give this
cake for the benefit of Maria Bolton's first
cousin. Hannah Tracy."

#### When a Coon Is Full Grown. From Forcat and Stream

It is seldom that the coon breeds more than once in two years. From four to six kits are produced at one birth, and are littered in March or April.

The young, if not forcibly separated, remain with the mother through the first win-ter, or until February or March. Six young coons have been found in one tree with but there are not often more than the dam. four, which in February are about two-thirds grown. My opinion is that they do not arrive at their full growth until near three

### **MARCONI** WIRELESS. What It Means To You

The SUN of Sunday, January 28th, said, in an excellent article devoted to the Marconi System, "The Service Past The Experimental Stage." In those brief words was contained a world of truth. We all know of the telegraph, cable and telephone and their remarkable achievements from both a scientific and a com. mercial standpoint. The new science of wireless telegraphy, invented by Signor Marconi, is duplicating and surpassing the work of its predecessors in the field of rapid communication. It can send messages between any two points that can be connected by wire, and, in addi-tion, it has an exclusive field between ships and shore or moving objects and fixed points on land. It can handle messages with equal accuracy and greater rapidity than the telegraph or cable. It can be operated at but a fraction of the cost of a wire system. It is supplying a vast and rapidly increasing public demand, and that is the foundation upon which all successful inventions must be based. It is spreading with astonishing rapidity and its stations are appearing on every hand where commercial needs present a business reason for their con-

This is all of vital interest to you, because there is an opportunity for you to reap the benefits of the System's progress. There never was offered a more excellent opportunity for the investment of money than in connection with the Companies which control this remarkable invention. The stock of the Canadian and American Marconi Companies can be purchased to-day for but a small percentage of their ultimate values. Your money will grow and your annual income will increase with gratifying rapidity. The opening paragraph above does not begin to tell of the future possibilities of the Marconi System. Upon application we will forward you fullest particulars as to the present status and future prospects of the Companies. You should immediately write to us for information, as the opportunity still exists to duplicate the fortunes which came to the early investors in the telegraph, cable and Bell telephone. We court the most thorough investigation of this investment opportunity. Write to-day — don't delay. Address all communications to MUNROE & MUNROE, 25 Broad Street, New York; 50 Congress Street, Boston; Canada Life Building, Montreal.

struction.

#### STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE. Black Groundhog Captured.

Laurence correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.
Samuel J. Woods, a trapper, captured a very rare weather prophet yesterday along the banks of Tanner's Creek, in the form of a black

groundhog. The animal is as black as coal and very large and fat. Old citizens who are firm believers in the prophecy of these little an-mals are greatly puzzled at the appearance of this one so soon and its color, and are positive

#### that this is an ill omen When the Dog Runs Sideways.

From the Kansas City Star. "Look at that dog," said an observant man this morning. "That dog's lost. How do I know? He's running sideways, with his tail down low and his ears drooping. That dog s

The wanderer, looking for a friendly face. a horse or a wagon that he recognized, took a course down Grand avenue which a tactician would call right oblique. He dodged street cars and drays and sprang, yelping, into a doorway when a messenger boy came along. A man came out of the door and patted the dog's head, and the dog, instinctively knowing that the man was a friend, followed him joyfully down the street, looking up and smiling and wagging his tail at every

#### Dog and Snake Fight From the British Australian.

Two Ballarat sportsmen while on a shooting excursion to Lai Lai encountered a large snake that was attacked by a dog that ac-

The reptile wound itself around the dog. and an exciting fight ensued, during which the animal bit off the tail of the serpent. The sportsmen, auxious to save the dog, decided to shoot the reptile if an opportunity presented itself. This occurred thrust out its head over the hind quarters of

the setter.
The shot, however, instead of hitting the snake, entered the body of the dog, the death of which was instantaneous. The snake was then despatched.

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